ONLY POLICEMAN WHO EVER ARRESTED A PRESIDENT

PRESENT SITE WHERE ARREST WAS MADE.

WILLIAM WEST WHO ARRESTED PRESIDENT GRANT

POLICEMAN WEST FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

POLICEMAN WEST Tells the Story of Gen. Grant's Arrest in 1872 for Fast Driving — President Was Satisfied to Go to the Station House — Gave $20 Collateral, Which Was Declared Forfeited — Commended the Policeman for His Attention to Duty, and Would Not Allow the Man to Suffer for Arresting Him —The General's Love for Horses and His Pleasure in Driving Were the Cause of His Trouble—In After Years Was Always Genial and Friendly to the Colored Policeman.

LIVING in retirement in Washington, after thirty-five years of service, is the only policeman who ever arrested a President of the United States. Former Policeman William West is the man and Ulysses S. Grant was the President who allowed himself to be arrested.

Gen. Grant was an ardent admirer of a good horse and loved nothing better than to sit behind a pair of spirited animals. He was a good driver, and sometimes "let them out" to try their mettle. In 1872, however, there were speed regulations, but one day the general forgot them in the enthusinasm occasioned by the bright sunlight, the pleasant weather and the good condition which his team exhibited. Policeman West placed him under arrest and took him to the station house. The President deposited $20 at the desk. His name was entered on the police blotter, but in the morning he failed to appear in court and the deposit was forfeited.

During the many succeeding years of his active police duty West, who is a colored man, was very reticent about his connection with the affair. Since his retirement, however, he has decided to let the public know the true story of the arrest, as the reports previously published, he says, have been scattered and meager in detail. His story follows:

Must Do His Whole Duty.

"I was appointed to the metropolitan police force the 25th of July, 1871, and was immediately assigned to duty in the sixth precinct station, which was then located at the intersection of 9th street and New York avenue. Lieut. Adolphus Eckloff was in charge, and he was noted in his day as an official who believed in enforcing the law. He would always stand by his men when they made an arrest, no matter who the lawbreaker might be. He assigned me to a beat some blocks north and west of the station house, and impressed on me the necessity of doing my whole duty. He called my attention to the alleged infractions of the speed law in the neighborhood of 13th and M streets, which was then in the aristocratic section of the city.

"Several of the residents of the neighborhood had complained of horsemen who speeded their horses along 13th street while driving to and from the Brightwood race track. This old track was the recognized speedway for horsemen in those days, and as 13th street was the best driving thoroughfare the trip to and from the track was made over it.

"President Ulysses S. Grant was one of the drivers who used 13th street, and many a time he engaged in a speed contest with his friends. In fact, spurts of speed were frequent occurrences, and the street was at times dangerous for women and children.

"Citizens complained time and again to the police about the conditions prevailing along their street on account of the furious racing going on, and orders were issued for the police to stop the racers."

That is the way matters stood when Lieut. Eckloff placed Policeman West on the beat. About this time a woman and a six-year-old child were knocked down by a swiftly driven team and badly injured. Policeman West hurried to the scene, but the driver of the team had made good his escape. The people in the neighborhood were very much excited over the affair, and were loud in their exclamations against the racing persons and the police.

Stopped President Grant.

As the citizens who had collected were discussing the accident another bevy of racers appeared on the scene. Policeman West held up his hand for them to stop. One carriage stopped, and that contained President Grant and some friends. Grant was driving a pair of fast steppers and he had some difficulty in halting them, but this he managed to do. He drove to where West was standing, surrounded by the indignant citizens.

"Well, officer, what do you want with me?"

"I want to inform you, Mr. President, that you are violating the law by speeding along this street. Your fast driving, sir, has set the example for a lot of other gentlemen. It is endangering the lives of the people who have to cross the street in this locality," said Officer West, "and only this evening a lady was knocked down by one of these racing teams."

"I am very sorry," said President Grant, "and I'll promise that hereafter I will hold my team down to the regulation speed; and, by the way, is the lady who was run down seriously hurt?"

The officer informed the President of the extent of the young woman's injuries, and Gen. Grant, again asserting that in the future he would observe the speed laws, drove away.

The next evening Policeman West was standing on the corner of 13th and M streets when he observed a score or more of teams literally burning up the roadway. In the front of them all was President Grant, and when West held up his club for the racers to stop the general turned into M street. Though he tugged madly at the reins to bring his horses to a standstill, he was going at so great a speed that he was not able to get the animals under control until he reached 14th street, when he returned to the place where the policeman had signaled him. Six other drivers, some of whom were prominent officials, followed.

Arrested the President.

The President addressed the policeman good naturedly:

"Do you think, officer, that I was violating the speed laws?"

"I do, Mr. President," replied West, who says that when the general asked him the question, he had a rare smile on his face, and presented the look of a schoolboy who had been caught in a guilty act by his teacher.

"Well," said Grant, "what do you want me to do?"

"I cautioned you yesterday, Mr. President," answeerd the policeman, "about fast driving, and you said, sir, that it would not occur again."

"Did I?" mused Grant, still with a quizzical smile on his features. "Well, I suppose I forgot it, and that I might have been going a little bit too fast this evening; but hang it, officer, these animals of mine are thoroughbreds, and there is no holding them."

"I am very sorry, Mr. President, to have to do it, for you are the chief of the nation, and I am nothing but a policeman, but duty is duty, sir, and I will have to place you under arrest," West replied.

"All right," cried Grant, "where do you wish me to go with you?"

The policeman said he must go to the station house. At the President's invitation the policeman took a seat in the vehicle and the war hero questioned him about himself and his antecedents. West told him he had been a soldier and had been at the evacuation of Richmond. Gen. Grant told him that he would not get into any trouble for making the arrest, as he admired a man who did his duty.

Arriving at the police station the President of the United States put up $20 collateral, and the six other drivers who had followed West and the President to the station were now rounded up by Lieut. Eckloff and his men, and they, despite their violent protests, were placed under arrest and required to put up $20 collateral each.

Forfeited His Collateral.

These men were all personal friends of Grant, who was very much amused at their protests. He stood in the doorway of the station while they were being questioned and seemed to be highly amused at their discomfiture.

All these cases for fast driving were credited to Policeman West and he appeared in the Police Court the next day to aid in the prosecution of the cases. When Gen. Grant's name was called there was no response and his $20 was declared forfeited. The other six men talked about outrageous conduct on the part of the policeman in daring to arrest gentlemen out for a pleasant drive.

Judge Snell was presiding judge in this celebrated case, and thirty-two ladies of the most refined character and surroundings voluntarily came into court and testified against the drivers. The cases were contested bitterly. The court finally imposed heavy fines and delivered a scathing rebuke to the six drivers. The convicted men appealed their cases to a higher court, but Judge Snell's ruling in the case was sustained.

While the six dissatisfied men were fighting Judge Snell's ruling in the higher court a rumor reached President Grant that Officer West's position was in jeopardy on account of the antagonism of the men whom he had arrested. Grant immediately sent a special messenger to the chief of police, complimenting West on his fearlessness in making arrests, and made it plain that he would not allow any harm to come to West.

Met Grant Later.

A few months after West had arrested the President he was assigned to the mounted force, and was detailed to do duty in what was known as the second precinct, then located at the corner of 7th and U streets. While doing duty along the famous Brightwood road West met President Grant frequently. The general loved to drive his celebrated trotters, which were then among the fastest in the District of Columbia. The President and the policeman at times discussed the relative merits of certain horses, and the policeman's advice was often acted upon by the civil war hero.

Just about this time a ruler of some semi-civilized country sent to the President a pair of handsome Arabian stallions. They stood seventeen hands high, had speed records and were valued at $10,000 each.

Gen. Grant placed them on Gen. Beale's farm, about six miles from the Soldiers' Home and on the Riggs road, adjoining the farm of the late banker, George W. Riggs.

One morning the news reached Gen. Grant that in some mysterious manner his two Arabian stallions had been stolen from the Beale farm overnight. Consternation reigned in the President's household. The police force in Washington was thoroughly aroused over the affair, and at once a search was instituted. Gen. Beale, ardent horseman that he was, felt keenly the loss of his valuable charges, and it was more annoying to him, because he was just on the eve of departure for California, where he had large business interests.

He at once sent for Policeman West and told him that all the information he had concerning the horse thieves was a ragged cap, evidently dropped at the stable door by one of the men engaged in the robbery. With this slender clue to work on Officer West set about the difficult task of working up a case.

Located His Man.

Accompanying Gen. Beale to his farm West got one of the employes in a secluded corner, and, after a thorough cross-examination, he discovered that one Ed Nolan, who was formerly in the employ of Gen. Beale, was the owner of the cap.

To find Ed Nolan West was compelled to travel nearly over the entire state of Maryland. But he at last succeeded in catching up with his man, and when he did so he found him in company with two men, Harry Thomas and George Reccor, and a colored boy named Abraham Lincoln. These men, so West asserts, were convicted of the crime of stealing the horses. As the crime was committed in Maryland they were tried at Upper Marlboro, and received sentences of ten years each, all except the colored boy, who, on account of his youth, was committed to the Marlboro jail, where, after serving his time, he was liberated and taken back to the Beale farm and given employment.

For twenty-five years West remained in the second precinct, which was afterward known as the eighth police precinct, and in his many years of service there he was responsible for the apprehension of many desperate criminals, one of whom was the noted murderer Jenkins, a negro who chopped his wife to pieces with a meat cleaver one rainy night years ago, and who fled the house after committing the crime.

Caught "the Avenger."

Another exciting adventure that Officer West was engaged in was the pursuit and capture of Bill Jones, "the avenger," who took a couple of shots at Guiteau, the murderer of President Garfield, as he was being conveyed from the court back to the United States jail in the van wagon after he was tried.

Perry Carson, a colored politician of Washington, was in charge of the van that morning, while Jim Reynolds, colored, was the driver. As they came along, a man rode up on a white horse and, shouting that he was "the avenger," blazed away at the van wagon. One of the bullets from his pistol shaved off a lock of Guiteau's hair, as he sat cowering in a corner of the closed prison van.

The mounted officers in charge of the wagon started after Jones, but in those days Bill Jones was one of the fastest riders in this section of the country. He easily distanced the several mounted men who were in pursuit of him, but the policemen, though on inferior mounts, managed to keep the strenuous Bill in sight, at the same time blazing away at him.

Knowing that he would be pursued, Jones had provided himself with a relay horse, which he left at the corner of North Capitol and O streets. When he reached this point he mounted his fresh horse and was rapidly distancing the policemen.

At Harewood road West, who was attracted by the running fire of shots, got into the game, but Jones had passed the point where West took up the trail. The officer no sooner glimpsed the flying figure than he recognized Bill Jones and joined in the chase.

When Jones arrived at his home, which was situated on the Bates road north of Brookland, West was close behind him. A few moments afterward Officers Cole and McGraw joined West at the Jones place, and the three men, despite Bill's warning not to enter on pain of being killed, went in to the dwelling and placed Bill under arrest. Popular sympathy was all with Bill Jones, the people of Washington regarded "the avenger" as a popular hero, and he escaped with a very light punishment.

All Washington Aroused.

A murder which had the entire city of Washington aroused at the time it occurred was the celebrated Philip Hirth tragedy that resulted in the death of Mr. Hirth, a prominent Washington business man. He was beaten to death by five negroes one night at the corner of 18th and P streets northwest.

Hirth, at the time, was on his way to the home of his fiancee, a lady whose family was one of the most prominent in Washington, when he was held up for the purpose of robbery by five negroes with handkerchiefs tied over their faces.

The leader of this gang was a desperate fellow, then in the employ of Phil Hirth, whose name was Babe Bedford. His fellow-assailants were Sandy Pinn, Queenan and one Ben Johnson, who afterward turned state's evidence and was used as a witness against the others. It was claimed at the time of the trial that it was not the intention of the thugs to murder Mr. Hirth, but to rob him. In the struggle the handkerchief fell from the face of Bedford, whom Mr. Hirth at once recognized. Calling his name, Hirth cried out to him not to murder him, but Bedford, so the evidence stated, finding that he was discovered, acted upon the theory that dead men tell no tales. He and his companions, with stones rolled up in rags in the form of slungshots, beat Phil Hirth to death.

All Washington was aroused by the deed, and every available policeman was placed on the case, West among them. The next morning West succeeded in apprehending Queenan and Ben Johnson, who confessed the whole affair. With Johnson as the government's witness the men were all convicted and paid the penalty for their atrocious crime.

TWENTY-FIVE MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF DIAMONDS EACH YEAR FROM THE KIMBERLEY MINES.

METHODS of Finding the Diamonds — A Look at the Great Kimberley Pipe—Underground in the Dutoitspan—Blasting for Jewels—A Great Diamond Syndicate Managed by Americans.

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Special Correspondence of The Star.

KIMBERLEY.

KIMBERLEY is the Lord's greatest treasure vault. Stored away here in five mighty pipes of hard rock, going down no one knows how deep into the earth, is a blue clay sprinkled with diamonds. Already more than $500,000,000 worth of precious stones have been taken from them, and there are still hundreds of millions in sight. For many years the sales have amounted to from twenty to thirty million dollars, and there are today lying out here in the open fields, still mixed with this clay, diamonds which would have set Aladdin crazy or made covetous the heart of Sinbad the Sailor.

These mines lie right close to Kimberley. They form a necklace around it, and that one of the most valuable necklaces on earth. The necklace is decorated anew every year with $25,000,000 worth of brilliants, which are taken from these mines. They are allowed to blaze away for a few months under the African sun, and are then shipped off to dazzle the drawing rooms of all parts of the globe.

The town is a strange one to be the capital of such wealth. It has no palaces nor skyscrapers, and, like the jewels of Portia, its treasures are kept in caskets of lead. The offices of the diamond trust themselves are no better than many a 6x9 factory in the United States, and a few thousand dollars would equal the cost of any building inside the town. The most of the houses are bungalows of brick roofed with galvanized iron. They all have wide porches about them, and many have gardens filled with beautiful flowers. The city has wide streets and amusement grounds. It has a theater, churches and hotels. Its stores are large and its business is good. The city is lighted by electricity and it has all the modern improvements. The water comes from the Vaal river, which is seventeen miles away.

A Bird's-Eye View of the Mines.

All of the mines are within a rifle shot of the center of Kimberley. If we climb to the top of the higher buildings we may see the skeletons of the washing machines on every side and between them the vast weathering floors where the precious earth containing the brilliants is allowed to lay and melt. Moving to them, from the mines, are great lines of what, in the distance, seem to be ants. They are marching in single file and are racing with one another as they pass to and fro. Now take your glass and you will see that each ant is a steel car filled with diamondiferous earth, and that it is flying along under a wire cable from the mines to the fields. These fields are called floors. Every mine has its own floor, and in every direction you can see the cars moving. The black pygmies who are handling the cars are the natives, and the white ones on the outside are the guards to see that the blacks do not steal as they work.

Now turn your glass again to the mines. About each is a mighty pit dug out of the earth. That is the opening of the mine, the wide basin, where the earth has been cut away until the great rock pipe, which contains the blue clay and the diamonds, is found.

Pipes of Diamonds.

Until these Kimberley mines were discovered, all the diamonds found were picked up out of gravel which lay on or near the surface of the earth. The Indian diamonds, among which were the Kohinoor, the Great Mogul, the Regent and the Orloff, came from alluvial washings composed of a mixture of broken sandstone, quartz, jaspar, flint and granite. The deposit was about twenty feet thick and was covered by a few feet of black cotton soil. It lay near the bed of a river in India not far from Golconda, which was the chief city to which the diamonds were taken and sold. The diamonds of Brazil were first discovered in 1728. They were found in deposits of clay, quartz, pebbles and sand, buried under about thirty feet of other earth. They lay along the banks of rivers and in a few cases were imbedded in sandstone. It was the same with the diamonds of Borneo, of British Guiana, Australia and California, and also of those which were first discovered along the Vaal river near here in South Africa.

It is now over forty years since the first African diamond was found. A man named O'Reilly—not the one who ran the hotel, but John O'Reilly, the hunter—made the first diamond discovery. It was when he was stopping over night with a Boer farmer not far off from Kimberley. During the evening he saw the children playing with some beautiful pebbles. He admired the stones and took some home with him. To his surprise he found one would cut glass, and upon showing it to a jeweler he was told that it was a diamond and worth $2,500.

Two years after that another big stone was discovered by a Hottentot who traded it to this same Boer farmer for $2,000. The Boer sold it to a diamond merchant and it was sent to England and was eventually sold to the Countess of Dudley for $100,000.

These two finds set South Africa crazy. Diamond seekers came at once by the thousands, and the Vaal and Orange rivers were soon covered with mining camps. Men went about everywhere digging up the gravel and searching for stones. As the river beds became exhausted, the miners spread out over the country, and finally got here to Kimberley, which is fifteen miles from the Vaal. One day a Boer discovered some diamonds in a clay bed out of which he was taking material to build a mud hut. He kept on digging, and the result was the Dutoitspan mine, which has proved one of the richest diamond pipes ever found. About the same time other claims were taken up and developed, and as a result came the five great mines which now form the basis of the De Beers syndicate.

As the miners went down into the earth the area in which the precious stones were discovered became narrower and narrower, until at last it was, in each case, found to consist entirely of a sort of blue rock or clay inside great walls of other and harder rock. These walls were in the shape of a pipe, and the pipes were found to extend down, down, down into the earth, and each was filled with this blue ground. As the miners went down the diamonds did not diminish. They were found everywhere plentifully scattered through the blue clay, and this is so at the depths where they are mining today, although in the Kimberley pipe the lower levels are more than one-half mile from the surface.

The Kimberley mine gives one an excellent idea of how the diamonds lie in these pipes in the earth. The pipe begins with a great funnel which at the top has a mouth covering thirty-five acres and which slopes down to the pipe proper, the inside of which is about eight acres. The Kimberley mouth is, I judge, about 300 feet wide, and it slopes evenly down on all sides. The pipe itself is almost round. Its walls are of a black rock; they are almost as regularly shaped as though cut out by a chisel, and they narrow only slightly as they go down for more than 2,500 feet. For that distance this area of eight acres was all composed of blue rock carrying diamonds, and the mine is producing millions of dollars' worth of diamonds still. The first earth was dug up with pick and shovel and washed in a rude way. Then wires were run down into the mine and the blue ground was carried up by means of them. It is now elevated by great engines through shafts outside the mine itself, and a continuous line of steel cars rising all day long. Something like 700,000 carloads were taken up last year, and there are now more than a million loads lying out on the floors, in order that the wind, the rain and the sun may so weather them that the diamonds can be taken out. The value per load is only a few dollars, but there must be at least six million dollars' worth of diamonds in the ground on the Kimberley floors.

I walked around the Kimberley mine with its manager, Mr. C. M. Henrotin, an American mechanical and mining engineer, who graduated at Cornell in the class of 1897, and the son of the former president of the Women's Clubs of the United States. He tells me there are more than a million and a quarter loads of this precious clay above the level at which his men are now working.

It was in company with another American mining engineer that I explored the underground workings of the Dutoitspan, one of the largest diamond mines of the world. This was Mr. J. T. Fuller, a graduate of the Lehigh University. In fact, all of the mines here are managed by Americans. They were opened up and developed by Mr. Gardiner Williams, who is now a resident of Washington, and their present general manager is Mr. Alpheus Williams, his son.

In another place I shall speak of the workmen and tell how they are handled outside the mines. An army of over 25,000 is here employed, and of these more than 22,000 are natives, who are kept in guarded compounds and who are not allowed to go outside during the terms of their contracts.

But come with me and take a look at the Dutoitspan. This is the mine which was discovered by the farmer when he was building a clay hut. It is the biggest of all the mines of the De Beers Company, and so large that the Kimberley pipe and the De Beers pipe, which together are now producing something like $15,000,000 worth of diamonds every twelve months, could be lost inside it. It has thirty-eight miles of tunnels in its underground workings, and that although it is not yet one-third as deep as the Kimberley.

Before entering the mine I was shown the maps of the surveyors. The blue ground area covers about thirty acres, and this is all drawn to a scale so that one can tell the condition of every tunnel from the surface down to the 750-foot level where the bottom now is. A great shaft has been sunk outside the pipe, and tunnels have been run in at intervals of forty feet to get the diamond earth out. By this shaft this thirty-acre pipe has thus been explored to a depth equal to one and one-half times the height of the Washington Monument, and the blue ground has been found peppered with diamonds throughout. From some of the upper levels much of the ground has been extracted, but mining is now going on at every level, the amount of earth taken out decreasing until at the bottom there are little more than the tracks used to carry the cars of blue clay to the shaft.

All the ore is taken from the lowest level. Great wells have been sunk through the pipe from top to bottom, and the blue ground of each height is carried through tunnels to these wells and dropped into reservoirs at the bottom. There it is loaded by gravity into the cars which carry it to the shaft. At present they are raising 10,000 loads to the surface every day. Four thousand negroes are employed, and in busy seasons the miners work day and night.

Scenes in the Mines.

It was in company with Mr. Fuller that I went through the Dutoitspan. The mines are dirty and the rock is so sharp that it cuts one's shoes. For this reason we were given boots of sole leather such as are used by the miners, and were clad in miners' clothes.

Entering the shaft, we dropped quickly to the 750-foot level and made our way by foot through the tunnels into the great

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AT WORK IN THE STIFLING HEAT.